

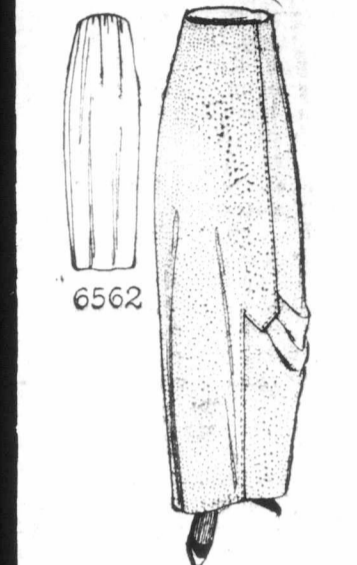
FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1914

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The skirt pattern, No. 6562, is cut in 22 to 32 inches waist measure. Main size requires 2 3/4 yards of material, or 34 inches wide.

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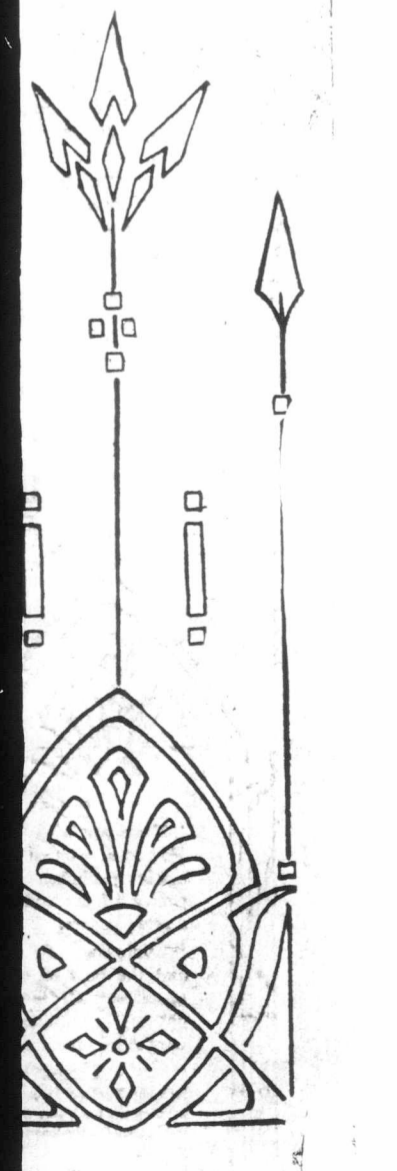
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Bourassa Seeks An Acclamation In Prescott Co.

MONTREAL, March 10.—Although Mr. Henri Bourassa will say nothing for publication, his friends now say that if an election is assumed him by acclamation in the county of Prescott, he will consent to go to Toronto as the successor of Mr. Gustave Evarnture in the legislature of Ontario. No delegation had reached the city from Prescott up to today, and it may be that some time will ensue before a mutual understanding can be reached among the representative men of the county. The statement is also made that both parties might support Mr. Bourassa, although some one might come out against him at the last moment, and for this reason Bourassa stipulates that nothing short of an acclamation will induce him to consider the question of representing the constituency, at least two years.

WEDNESDAY SOCIETY DAY AT THE MOTOR SHOW

HAMILTON, March 10.—Marking a year of unprecedented growth in the motor and accessory trade, the first annual automobile show of the Hamilton Motor Dealers association opened at the new armories, and the big

Exhibition to Mark Confederation's Semi-Centennial

OTTAWA, March 10.—In what manner Canada may most fittingly mark the semi-centennial of confederation was a question that was discussed in the House to-day.

Hon. Mr. LeMieux brought the discussion on by a resolution calling for Government encouragement of the project of commemorating confederation and suggesting the holding of a great exhibition at Montreal. He pointed out that such an exhibition had been favored by Boards of Trade throughout Canada.

Premier Borden stated that his mind was open to the exhibition idea and he recognized that the government might have to conduct it. But in view of the lack of precise information he adjourned the debate.

W. F. Cockshutt of Brantford spoke in favor of Toronto as the place for holding it.

Robert Christie, the last surviving member of the first Ontario Parliament, died in his 88th year.

Music and Drama

At the Brant.

Without doubt one of the finest companies that has ever been gotten together in Brantford city is to be seen at the Brant Theatre this week. From the start, an orchestral selection, at 7.45 to the finish, a fine photo film at 10.30, there was not a moment of unpleasant suspense, and every vaudeville turn was praiseworthy. The selection of the company of entertainers has been judiciously made this week, and there is quite a good variety of the different kinds of entertainers. For an original and well got up comedy sketch, it would be hard to beat that of Fox and Car. They pull off some good gags, and the city hall, the street railway and city gas are very subject to their local puns. There is some dramatic art in comedy, and this is shown in the sketch, which was well received. Rosy Lee Wells, is a distinct type of smart singer, and he plays the saxophone well. He excels as a story teller, and received the commendation of the house. A neat and very smart business was put on by the Hughes, novelty entertainers. She was chic and he was slick; and they were both in evidence by their act, which included singing and talking. Shaw and Lamar, character entertainers, caused merry ripples for 20 minutes with their snappy talk, and were obliged to give a short encore.

The last turn, The Whirlwind Trio, are aerial merchants of ability, and they are very clever in their act, and many of their tricks are very original and clever, especially the loop and a fine vein of comedy is introduced and greatly adds to the attraction. A magnificent set of photo plays, including the adventures of a mighty monarch and the marriage of Figaro complete a splendid program.

At the Colonial.

Presenting a first class bill of vaudeville and moving pictures, the Colonial last night had a packed house. The bill is good in every respect, a varied program, and one theatre goers are bound to be pleased with.

Ross and Conock, in their singing and ventriloquism act, present the feature act, which is very clever in every respect. The juggling Harldings, presenting a novelty juggling act, are excellent, their work being clever in every way. Jack Le Moine, the dialect comedian, is clever and witty, and keeps the crowd in good humor.

The De Rossi Duo present a high class musical and singing act, which with a three reel Eclair feature picture entitled Lady Babbie, completes a splendid bill at this popular theatre.

The pony contest is drawing large crowds to the theatre every afternoon and evening, and crowds of children throng the street asking ticket buyers for coupons. Competition is keen and the kiddies have entered into it with great spirit. Already some 250 children have entered. The competition last for fourteen weeks more.

Evanturel Says There Will Be No Flourishes

TORONTO, March 10.—Mr. Evanturel, speaking to-day after his return from Prescott county, said: "There will be no flourishes. My resignation will go to the Speaker in a letter like this: 'Dear Mr. Speaker, I hereby tender my resignation to the Legislature as the member for Prescott'."

"Not any at all. My resignation will go in, and that will be the end of it."

"Will you again be a candidate?"

"That has not yet been decided. I may, but I cannot say at this time."

John DeWitt Randall, one of the most prominent business men of Niagara-on-the-lake, died suddenly of paralysis of the brain.

DARKEN GRAY HAIR, LOOK YOUNG, PRETTY

Grandma's Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur Darkens so Naturally That Nobody Can Tell.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this so through your hair taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray disappears, and after another application of two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy. Agent T. George Boles.

TARZAN OF THE APES

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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Slowly and softly they began tapping upon the resounding surface of the drum as the first faint rays of the ascending moon silvered the treetops.

As the light increased the females augmented the frequency and force of their blows until presently a rhythmic din pervaded the jungle for miles in every direction. Huge brutes stopped in their hunting, with upturned ears and raised heads, to listen to the dull booming that betokened the drumming of the great apes.

As the din of the drum rose to almost deafening volume Kerchak sprang into the open space between the squatting males and the drummers. Standing erect, he threw his head far back, and looking full into the eye of the rising moon, he beat upon his breast with his great hairy paws and emitted his fearful roaring shriek. Once—twice—thrice that terrifying cry rang out across the teeming solitude of that unpeopled jungle, yet unthinkably dead, world.

Then, crouching, Kerchak slunk noiselessly around the open circle, veering far away from the dead body lying before the altar drum, but as he passed keeping his little, fierce, wicked red eyes upon the corpse.

Another male then sprang into the arena and, repeating the horrid cries of his kind, followed stealthily in his wake. Another and another followed in quick succession until the jungle resounded with the now almost ceaseless notes of their bloodthirsty screams.

It was the challenge and the hunt. When all the adult males had joined in the thin line of circling dancers the attack commenced.

Kerchak seized a huge club from the pile which lay at hand for the purpose, rushed furiously upon the dead ape, dealing the corpse a terrific blow, at the same time emitting the growls and snarls of combat.

The din of the drum was now increased, as well as the frequency of the blows, and the warriors, as each approached the victim of the hunt and delivered his bludgeon blow, joined in the mad whirl of the death dance.

Tarzan was one of the wild, leaping horde. His brown, sweat streaked, muscular body glistening in the moonlight, shone supple and graceful among the uncouth, awkward, hairy brutes about him.

For half an hour the weird dance went on, until, at a sign from Kerchak, the noise of the drums ceased, the female drummers scampering hurriedly through the line of dancers toward the outer rim of squatting spectators. Then, as one man, the males rushed headlong upon the thing which their terrific blows had reduced to a mass of hairy pulp.

Fleets seldom came to their jaws in satisfying quantities, so a fit finale to their wild revel was a taste of fresh killed meat, and it was to the purpose of devouring their late enemy that they now turned their attention.

Tarzan more than the apes craved and needed flesh. Descended from a race of meat eaters, never in his life he thought, had he once satisfied his appetite for animal food, and so now his agile little body wormed its way far into the mass of struggling apes in an endeavor to obtain a share which his strength would have been unequal to the task of winning for him.

At his side he felt the hunting knife of his unknown father in a sheath self-fashioned in copy of one he had seen among the pictures of his treasure books.

At last he reached the fast disappearing feast and with his sharp knife slashed off a more generous portion than he had hoped for.

Then he wriggled out from beneath the struggling mass, clutching his prize close.

Among those cowering futilely the outskirts of the banquets was old Tublat. He had been among the first at the feast, but had retreated with a goodly share to eat in quiet and was now forcing his way back for more.

So it was that he spied Tarzan emerging from the clanking throng. Tublat's bloodshot, pig eyes sent out wicked gleams of hate as they fell upon the object of his loathing. In them, too, was greed for the meat the boy carried.

But Tarzan saw his arch enemy as quickly and, diving what the beast would do, leaped nimbly away toward the women and children, hoping to hide himself among them. Tublat, however, was close upon him, so that he had no opportunity to seek a place of concealment, but saw that he would be put to it to escape at all.

Swiftly he sped toward the trees and with a bound gained a lower limb with one hand, and then, transferring his weight to his teeth, he climbed rapidly upward, closely followed by Tublat.

Up, up he went to the waving pinnacle of a lofty monarch of the forest where his heavy pursuer dare not follow him. Perched there, he hurled taunts and insults at the raging beast fifty feet below him.

And then Tublat went mad.

With horrifying screams and roars he rushed to the ground and among the females and young, sinking his

great fangs into them. But it was not until he attacked Kala that Tarzan dropped to offer battle to him. The infuriated brute found himself facing the man-child who stood between him and Kala.

Nothing could have suited the fierce beast better, and with a roar of triumph he leaped upon the little Lord Greystoke. But his fangs never closed in that nut brown flesh.

His muscular hand shot out and grasped the hairy throat, and another plunged a keen hunting knife a dozen times into the broad breast. Like lightning the blows fell and only ceased when Tarzan felt the limp form crumple beneath him.

As the body rolled to the ground Tarzan of the apes placed his foot upon the neck of his lifelong enemy and, raising his eyes to the full moon, threw back his fierce young head and voiced the wild cry of his people.

One by one the tribe swung down from their arboreal retreats and formed a circle about Tarzan and his vanquished foe. When they had all come Tarzan turned toward them.

"I am Tarzan!" he cried. "I am a great killer! Let all respect Tarzan of the apes and Kala, his mother! There be none among you as mighty as Tarzan. Let his enemies beware!"

Looking full into the wicked red eyes of Kerchak, the young Lord Greystoke beat upon his mighty breast and screamed out once more his shrill cry of defiance.

Tarzan of the apes lived on in his wild, jungle existence with little change for several years, only that he grew stronger and wiser and learned from his books more and more of the strange worlds which lay somewhere outside his primeval forest.

Many days during these years he spent in the cabin of his father, where still lay untouched the bones of his parents and the little skeleton of Kala's baby. At eighteen he read fluently and understood nearly all he read.

Also could he write with printed letters rapidly and plainly, but script he had not mastered, for, though there were several copybooks among his treasures, there was so little written English in the cabin that he saw no use of bothering with this other form of writing, though he could read it laboriously.

Thus, at eighteen, we find him an English lordling who could speak no English, yet who could read and write his native language. Never had he seen a human being other than his tribe, for the little area traversed by his belt, for the little area traversed by his belt, was watered by no great river to bring down the savage natives of the interior.

High hills shut it off on three sides, the ocean on the fourth. It was alive with lions and tigers and leopards and poisonous snakes. Its untouched mazes of matted jungle had as yet invited no hardy pioneers among the humans beyond its frontier.

But as Tarzan of the apes sat one day in the cabin of his father, delving into the mysteries of a new book, the ancient security of his jungle was broken forever.

At the far eastern confine a strange cavalcade strung in single file over the brow of a low mountain. In advance were fifty black warriors armed with slender wooden spears, with ends hard baked over slow fires, and long bows and poisoned arrows. On their backs were oval shields, in their noses hung rings, while from the kinky wool of their heads protruded tufts of gray feathers.

Following them were several hundred women and children, the former bearing upon their heads great burdens of cooking pots, household utensils and ivory. In the rear were a hundred warriors, similar in all respects to the advance guard.

That they more greatly feared an attack from the rear than whatever unknown enemies might lurk ahead was evidenced by the formation of the column, and such was the fact, for they were fleeing from the white man's soldiers who had harassed them for rubber and ivory.

For three days the little cavalcade marched slowly through the heart of this unknown and untracked forest, until finally, early in the fourth day, they came upon a little spot near the banks of a small river which seemed less thickly overgrown than any ground they had encountered before.

Here they set to work to build a new village, and in a month a great clearing had been made, butts and palisades erected, plantations yams and maize planted, and they had taken up their old life in their new home. Here there were no white men, no soldiers nor any rubber or ivory to be gathered for thankless taskmasters.

Several moons passed ere the blacks ventured far into the territory surrounding their new village. Several had already fallen prey to old Sabor, the tiger, and because the jungle was so infested with these fierce and bloodthirsty cats and with lions and leopards the ebony warriors hesitated to trust themselves far from the safety of their palisades.

But one day Kulonga, a son of the old king Mbonga, wandered far into the dense mazes to the west. Warily he stepped, his slender lance ever ready, his long oval shield grasped in his left hand close to his body—in his back his bow, and in the quiver upon his shield many slim, straight arrows, well smeared with the thick, tarry substance that rendered deadly their keenest needle prick.

Not far from Kulonga's father's palisades of the blacks' village, but still headed westward, and climbing into the fork of a great tree, he fashioned a rude platform and curled himself for sleep.

(To be continued.)

Lord Emmett at a meeting in London said there was no general desire in the Dominion for closer organic union.

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